

so me liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the spoyle of mee.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it, come, sing mee a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seven times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so farte, Sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, Sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile bee sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkenesse. When thou runst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchase in Mony. O thou art a perpetual Triumph, and euermasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the Sacke that thou hast drunke mee, would haue bought mee Lights as good cheape, of the dearest Chandlers in *Europ*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God amercy, so should I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Parlee* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my pocket?

*Enter Hostesse.*

*Host.* Why Sir Iohn, what do you thinke, Sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, Hostesse, *Bardoll* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

*Host.* Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goe to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn: I know you Sir Iohn, you owe me money Sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirtes to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filth thy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakens wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money here besides, Sir Iohn, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a scale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth forty marke.

*Host.* O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

*Fal.* How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneake, cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, who is playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith?

*Bar.* Yeat two and two, Newgate fashion.

*Host.* My Lord, I pray you heare mee.

63

Prim.

